



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &amp;c.

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## SELECT TALES.

## Education.

BY THE AUTHOR OF VILLAGE TALES.

A LITTLE money is a good thing in the outset of life, if a person have wisdom to make a right and judicious use of it. But the head and the pocket must balance well; the scales must be equipoised; for if one or the other kick the beam a loss will, in most cases, ensue. If you have too little wit, the world will over-reach you; if too much, you will outwit yourself. In either case ten chances to one, your purse, or rather the contents of it, will slip through your fingers. Among the dangers to which hereditary wealth subjects us, are pride, indolence, extravagance; and the smaller the portion of our inheritance, the more danger is there. But what is most extraordinary, is that these very evils are often nursed up in the same cradle with the child, cherished with his growth, and instilled into all his habits, as he passes through the routine of his education, by parental care and misjudging affection.

Cornelia was an heiress. That is, she was worth some thousands of dollars. I never knew exactly the sum; common report seldom speaks the truth in these matters, and it is rather unmanly to inquire very particularly into a lady's fortune. She was indulged by her kind mamma at home, and caressed by her kind friends abroad; sent to the most fashionable school; the mistress daily advised that she was a peculiarly delicate little girl, with most exquisite sensibilities and rare genius; and was to be treated with all becoming tenderness and consideration. There she learnt a few of the useful, and a great many of the ornamental branches taught in such seminaries; and was finally despatched to a boarding school to finish her education—a polite, education; with which the adjective 'useful,' as usual, had very little if any thing to do.

She was now an accomplished lady. She understood French and painting; was versed in Belles-Lettres; knew something of philosophy, natural and moral; had gone the round

of the sciences; wrote poetry; kept an album; understood music; and was finally fitted out at home with a fine parlor and piano. 'What a fine lady,' said the wondering villagers—'what a very fine lady; how fashionable; how perfectly genteel.'

It was even so, and the first difficulty which arose, was about the choice of that very vexatious, but still no less necessary evil—a husband. The pretty girl who has the whole world of beaux to choose from, sometimes finds it difficult to make a perfectly unobjectionable choice. It was not then to be wondered at, that Cornelia should be embarrassed in making a selection; for she was circumscribed in her sphere by the very small compass of perfectly genteel people like herself. Such an one, with a good substantial fortune too, was to be sought. Her stars favored her at last, however, and she was married to a young gentleman as accomplished as herself; one who had as many apologies at his fingers ends as buttons on his coat, an A. B. and a professor; who drove tandem with one hand, winged a pigeon at every shot, and drank nothing but Madeira.

It was said that the young gentleman and lady were each a little disappointed in each other's fortune; and that in the outset there was a trifling jar on the subject of finances, but Cornelia adhered to her piano and Bob to his rifle and Madeira, and all went on quite musical again. Neither of them had suffered so vulgar a thought, as that, how to get a living when their cash was gone, to enter their heads. But fortune in all these cases, has a plain matter of fact way of dealing, with even the most genteel people; and when they have spent their last dollar, just turns them out of house and home, as unceremoniously as if they were no better than common folks. She never works a miracle to sustain those who never learned, or had the disposition, to work anything themselves. And so it turned out in this case.

Whilst the piano was in tune in the parlor, and every thing was out of tune in the kitchen; while the master drank Madeira above stairs, and the servants were drunk with

cogniac below stairs; while in the midst of the best company, the best living, and dreaming of nothing but pleasure and amusement, one of Bob's creditors rapped his knuckles. The bailiffs are an ill-bred set; they know just about as much of gentility, and all that sort of thing, as a bear about a lady's toilette; and therefore, as might also have been expected, the carpets, the plate, the sideboard, and even the very piano, were levied on.

Still, so far as physical ability was concerned, it was not too late, perhaps, to turn the current of affairs.—There was a plain and ready remedy for the disease, even in its present state. An entire change of living and of habits: economy for extravagance; and industry for indolence. But how hard is it for those who have been thus educated to change; how often is the moral ability, the will, wanting? And here it proved to be the case.

They struggled awhile to keep up appearances; but only sunk deeper in the end. Ten years after they were almost forgotten. I made many inquiries after them among the villagers, and finally discovered that Robert and his wife had separated; and that he had exchanged his dogs and gun for a tar hat and blue jacket; was a wanderer of the sea; and the elegant and accomplished Cornelia, instead of thumping a piano, was gaining a scanty subsistence at the spinning wheel.

So much for the story. Industry and virtue are the best legacies parents can bequeath their offspring; the only sure defence against misfortune. Let those who are charged with the education of children beware lest through an over anxiety to make them accomplished, they fail to make them useful members of society; instead of making them respectable, make them proud; instead of cultivating their genius, lead them into indolence. I say beware!

DESTINY.—We are all the playthings of destiny, and it often depends on a trifle not more than the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether a man should raise himself to riches and honors, or pine away in misery and want till he dies.

**Poor Rosalie.**

BY MRS. OPIE.

[Concluded.]

THE next morning, as Rosalie was working at her needle, and deeply ruminating on the trying duty which awaited her, while, as I noticed before, the heat of fever, now aided by emotion and anxiety, had restored to her much of her former beauty, by flushing her usually pale cheek with the most brilliant crimson, she heard a manly voice, in the next garden, singing a song which reminded her of her native village, and of her mother—for it was one which she used to sing; nor could she help going to the window to look at the singer. She saw it was a carpenter, who was mending some pales; and she was listening to him with melancholy, but pleased attention, when the man looked up, and, seeing her, started, broke off his song immediately, and stood gazing on her with an earnest, and, as she thought, sarcastic expression; which was so disagreeable to her, that she left the window, and the man sung no more. The next day Rosalie saw him come to his work again, but she withdrew immediately, because he looked at her with the same annoying and unaccountable expression as on the preceding day. The following afternoon, when, as she knew, a fair was held in the village, she saw the man appear with his cheek flushed, and his gait unsteady, from evident intoxication. He was dressed in his holiday clothes, had some tools in a bag hanging on his arm, and was gathering up some others which he had left on the grass; and thence Rosalie concluded he was not coming to work there any more. As he had not yet observed her, she continued to observe him; when suddenly he lifted up his head, and, as his eyes met hers, he exclaimed, in a feminine voice, as if mimicking some one, '*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*' and then ran out of the garden. At first, Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone, and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction, and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction: but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might

avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going away from that spot. What should she do?—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road to the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she ran a risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of such weak self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and she must not shrink from it. When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome that she could not speak, but burst into tears.

'What is the matter, my poor girl,' said he; 'and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!'

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

'To be sure I do,' said he 'and a young girl, who lived with her, was tried for the murder.'

'Yes—and acquitted!'

'True; but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, something or other, was guilty.'

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then raising her meek eyes to his, she said in a firm voice, 'She was innocent, Sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel.'

'Thou! then looks are indeed deceitful,' replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

'Not so, if I look innocent,' she answered.

'But what can be thy business with me, young woman?'

'I am sure I have discovered the *real* murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge.'

'He! what! oh, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled; so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?'

'Indeed, sir, I am innocent.'

'Gid! girl! dost thou expect me to believe this?—What is he?'

'A carpenter.'

'What is his name?'

'I do not know.'

'And where is he?'

'In the neighborhood.'

'But where could I find him?'

'I do not know.'

'Then how could I take him up?—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!'

'Not till you have heard me.' Then, rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem her improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame; for, repeating over and over again, '*Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!*' he gave way to the most immoderate laughter; but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie now for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself, the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

'And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up!' she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

'Certainly not. Recollect thyself! What! is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm a proof that he has committed a murder?'

'But you know that is not all.'

'No; but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thy self-praise—heard thee—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed, 'Do not laugh—I cannot bear it!—You will drive me out of my senses!'

'Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and he, recognizing thee—'

'But I never saw him in my life till now.'

'Indeed!—recollect thyself! He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny.'

'Certainly not; and he saw and heard me, also, that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer!'

'But listen, young woman; art thou prepared to assert that on that night, and that night only, thou wast ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?'

'I am—it was the first and only time.'

'And thou expectest me to believe this?'

'I do.'

'Why, girl, it is most unnatural and improbable!'

'But it is *true*; and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard.'



'Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and that will not help thy suit at all, I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm as seen at the window.'

'Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See!' she cried, baring her now meagre arm, 'Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, Sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!'

'Young woman,' he replied in a gentler tone, 'I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could do so conscientiously; but recollect, the charge is one affecting life!'

'So was the charge against me; but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must *he* be!'

'But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character.'

'So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience,' replied Rosalie, in the voice of broken-heartedness. 'Oh, Sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as I did, mimicking both the voice and manner of a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar, and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say.'

'I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet that is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial.'

'But cannot he be confronted with me?'

'Surely —' here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well-remembered song; and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, 'There he is! Oh, seize him!—seize him!'

'Where, where?' cried he, running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out, as he staggered along the road to the town.

'What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?'

'Yes; that is he.'

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

'Know him again, Sir?—I know him already!' replied the servant. 'His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window-shutters.'

'And what sort of a man is he?'

'A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to drinking; but he is a good workman, and is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him.'

'So, so,' said the magistrate thoughtfully (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks); 'A queer man!—does not stay long in a place!—given to drinking! You may go now, Francois; but do not be out of the way.'

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie for a considerable time in the strictest manner; and he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.'

'Without difficulty!' said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning, though modest glance; 'Have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?'

'Well but, young woman,' replied the magistrate smiling; 'perhaps the man confided in the caution and conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did; and at all events, I now feel authorized to apprehend him.'

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him; while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officers reached the guinguette, or public-house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter he changed color; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed in a faltering voice, 'I know what you come for, and I have done for myself! But I am weary of life;' then without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who, very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie, she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest; and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agitating suspense. At length the day of trial arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges. With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, from those which she experienced on a former occasion! Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous, confiding Madelon; now she was the accuser, not the accused; and her mild eye was raised

up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

The proceedings had not been long begun, when Caumont begged to be heard. He began by assuring the court that he came thither resolved to speak the whole truth: and he confessed, without further interrogatory, that he, and he alone planned, and he alone committed the murder in question. At these words, a murmur of satisfaction went round the court; and every eye was turned on Rosalie, who, unable to support herself, threw herself on the neck of the exulting Madelon. Caumont then gave the following detail:—He said that, as he passed through the village, he had heard at a public-house that the old lady was miserly and rich; that, having lost his last penny at a gaming-table, he resolved to rob the house when he heard how ill it was guarded, but had no intention to commit murder unless it was necessary; that he stole in, in the dark hour, when the old lady was gone to bed, and had hidden himself in the light closet in the sitting-room before Rosalie returned; that from the window of that closet he had seen and heard Rosalie; that he was surprised and vexed to find she slept in the room of the old lady, as it would, he feared, oblige him to commit two murders, and kill Rosalie first; but that, when he drew near her bed, she looked so pretty and so innocent, and he had heard she was so good, that his heart failed him; besides, she was in such a sound sleep, there seemed no necessity for murdering her, nor would he have killed the old lady if she had not stirred, as if waking, just as he approached her; that he took Rosalie's apron to throw over her face in order to stifle her breath, and then strangled her with her own handkerchief. He then took her pocket-book, searched the plate closet, carried away some pieces of plate, and buried them a few miles off, and had only dared to sell them one piece at a time; that he had never ventured to offer the draft at the banker's—that he had therefore, gained very little to repay him for the destruction of his peace, and for risking his precious soul—and that, unable to stay long in a place, he had wandered about ever since, getting work where he could; but that Providence had his eye upon him, and had brought him and the young girl, who, had, he knew, been tried for his crime, thus strangely and unexpectedly together at this far distant place, and where he seemed to run no risk of detection; that then the evil one, intending to destroy him, had prompted him to utter those words, which had been the means of his arrest, and would be of his punishment. 'But,' said he, addressing Rosalie, 'it is rather hard that you should be the means of my losing my life, as I spared yours. I might have murdered you, but I had not the heart to do it, and you have brought me to the scaffold!'

This was an appeal which went to the heart of Rosalie. In vain did the judges assure her she had only done her duty; she shuddered at the idea of having shortened the life of a fellow-creature, and one so unfit to appear before that awful tribunal from whose sentence there is no appeal; and 'Have mercy on him!—don't condemn him to death!' burst from her quivering lips. No wonder, therefore, that, before sentence was pronounced, Rosalie was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Caumont bore his fate with firmness, met death with every sign of penitence and remorse, and was engaged in prayer with the priest till the awful axe of the guillotine descended.

It was a great comfort to Rosalie to learn from the priest that Caumont desired the young girl might be told that he forgave her. Rosalie spent the greater part of the day of his execution at the foot of the cross, and she caused masses to be said for his soul.

The next day all ranks and conditions of persons in the village thronged the door of Madelon, to congratulate Rosalie. On principle, and from delicacy of feeling, she had avoided making many acquaintances; but her gentleness and her active benevolence had interested many hearts in her favor; while her apparent melancholy and declining health inspired affectionate pity, even when the cause was unknown. But now that she turned out to be the victim of unjust accusation, and of another's guilt, she became a sort of idol for the enthusiastic of both sexes; and the landlord of Madelon ashamed of his unjust severity, was desirous to give a fete on the occasion, as some reparation for his past conduct.

But Rosalie would neither show herself abroad, nor would she partake in or countenance any rejoicings. She saw nothing to rejoice at in the death of a poor sinful-creature, however just might be his punishment; and her feeling of deep thankfulness for being restored to an unblemished reputation, was a little damped by the consciousness that it was purchased at an awful price. It appeared to her, therefore, little short of profanation to commemorate it otherwise than by prayer and thanksgiving, breathed at the foot of the altar. Besides, her satisfaction could not be complete till her father knew what had passed; and, as she had not heard of him for more than a year, and that only from a person who saw him as he passed his house, there was an uncertainty respecting him which proved a counterbalance to her joy. 'But I will write to him,' said she to Madelon, 'and show him that he can doubt my innocence no longer. Yet, oh! there's the pang that has been wearing away my life—that of knowing that my father could ever have believed me guilty!'

'Shame on him for it!' cried Madelon, 'he does not deserve thee, darling!'

'Hush!' cried Rosalie, 'remember he is my father; and I will write this moment.'

Just as she was beginning, some one knocked at the cottage-door, and Madelon came up with a letter in her hand for Rosalie. It was from her father!—and the first words that met her eyes were, 'My dearest, much-injured, and innocent child!'

'Oh!' said Rosalie faintly, 'as he calls me innocent, no doubt he has heard of the trial, and—but no!' she added, her eyes sparkling with joy, 'no—this letter is dated days before even the arrest of Caumont could have been known to him!'

'To be sure,' said Madelon, 'the bearer said he was to have delivered it ten days ago, but had been ill!'

'Oh, merciful providence!—Oh, blessed virgin!' cried Rosalie: 'how has my trust in divine goodness been rewarded! Now is the rankling wound in my heart healed, and for ever! My father was convinced of my innocence before the confession of Caumont!—Madelon, that I shall now soon recover, I doubt not. But what is this?' she cried, reading on; 'My wife is dead, and on her death-bed she confessed that she had first intercepted and destroyed my answers to thy letters, and then had suppressed thy letters themselves; so I was led to believe thou hadst forgotten thy father and thy home. I knew thou wast alive, as one of our villagers had seen thee several times during the last five years; but judge how pleased, though shocked, I was, when she gave me one of the intercepted letters, and I read there the fond and filial heart of my calumniated child! Long had I repented of having *seemed* to think thee guilty, for, indeed, it was always seeming. Come, come directly to my arms and home! Thy brothers and sisters are prepared to love thee; and, if our neighbors still look cold on thee, no matter, we shall be sufficient to each other. If thou dost not come directly, I shall set off in search of thee.'

Rosalie could not read this welcome letter through without being blinded by tears of thankfulness for this proof of a father's love; nor could her joy be damped by the knowledge that her constant enemy, her step-mother, was no more. She rejoiced to hear that she died penitent, and heartily, indeed, did she forgive her.

'Well, then,' said Rosalie, 'now I shall return to my native village, and so happy! And who knows but that my dear father will be here to-day, or to-morrow, as he said he should come for me if I did not set off directly? Then what a happy journey I shall have, and now such a happy home!—and how ashamed all those will be who judged me so cruelly!—Auguste St. Beuve, and every one! Madelon, dear Madelon! is not this a blessed day?'

Madelon replied not—she only sat leaning her head on her hands. At last she faltered out, 'It may be a blessed day to thee, yet it ought not to be so, Rosalie, as it has broken my heart! Thy home may be a happy one, but what will mine be? Unkind girl!—to be so very glad at leaving one who loved and cherished thee, and believed thee innocent even when thy own father —'

'Madelon, my own dear friend, my mother!' exclaimed Rosalie, throwing herself on her neck; 'Indeed, I have no idea of home unconnected with thee; my home will not be complete unless it is thine also—and thou must go with me!'

'What! and leave my dead Rosalie?'

'To be sure; I know thou wast willing to leave her to go with me a very few days ago, Madelon.'

'Yes, darling; but then thou wast friendless and unhappy; but now —'

'I shall be unhappy still, if she who would so kindly have shared my adversity does not share in my prosperity. Yes, yes, thou must go with me; and we will come, from time to time, to visit thy Rosalie's grave.'

'But if thy father will not let me live with you?'

'Then we will live in a cottage near him.'

'Enough!' cried Madelon, 'I believe thee, and wonder I could for a moment distrust thee, darling!'

Rosalie was right. Her father, alarmed at her silence, did come that evening, and their meeting was indeed a happy one. Though satisfied of her innocence himself, even before the trial, he was glad that every one else should be equally convinced; and he took care that the papers which contained the proceedings should be widely circulated.

The generous heir of the old lady was not wanting in proper feeling on this occasion, and he insisted on giving Rosalie a considerable present in money, not for having been the means of bringing the culprit to justice—as in that she only did her duty—but as some amends for all the unmerited suffering she had undergone. The day of Rosalie's return to her home, accompanied by her father and her maternal friend, whom the former had warmly invited to live with them, was indeed a day of rejoicing.

Their friends and neighbors—nay, the whole village, came out to meet them. Amongst the rest, Rosalie observed Auguste St. Beuve; but she eagerly turned away from him to greet that young man who, believing her innocent, as he candidly weighed her previous character against every suspicious circumstance, had, though a stranger, visited her in prison. This young man had suddenly followed to America, unknown to his friends, a young woman whom he had long loved. He had married and buried her there; and, on his return to his



native village, he had entirely exculpated himself from the calumnious charge against him, and had thereby rendered some service to Rosalie.

But the pleasure of welcoming home again the patient sufferer under unmerited obloquy was considerably damped by the alarming change in her appearance. She had now, however, the best of all restoratives in a quiet mind; and, at length, her sense of happiness, and of having 'fought a good fight,' restored her to health.

While the pious and grateful girl, never forgetting the mercy which had been vouchsafed to her in the day of her distress, was daily repeating those words of the patriarch, that had so often shed peace upon her soul:—'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him!'

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### Contemplation.

I LOVE contemplation. I love the fresh beauty of the Spring that is so wildly bursting around us. I could ask, is there a heart which does not beat with rapture, as the eye wanders along over the green and the red, the blue and the white, the lights and the shades that rest on the broad bosom of Spring. The old hills, that have stood for ages, stand off like sentinels, with their summits bound in green—the forest stretches away at a distance, flinging its freshness to the far off skies, and a sweetness, which has escaped from the petals of the surrounding flowers, steals softly along amid the silence and shade of the valley. The blood of our very existence seems to bound with a more elastic motion, as we dwell upon such a scene—and our feelings are as bland and fleet as the wing of the swallow that dips along the streams. Rosseau said to his attendants, 'let me once more behold the sun set on the vine-clad hills of France,' and he was borne to his window, and his bosom beat as high at the grandeur of the scene as when in the full tide of health. Oh! what a soul for nature had he. If there is any season of the year calculated especially to rouse our sympathies it is Spring. We then think of those who sleep where there is no Spring. We think of that dark hall where flowers never bloom and the prattle of the joyful brook never breaks—where the chirrup of the bird, as he skims through the air, echoes not—the rustle of the tree breathes not—where neither freshness of the morning nor the dews of the midnight reach the dim and noiseless halls of death! It is a sad thought, when we behold all nature waking around us, that she holds those within her bosom which she cannot wake—and a sadder one still, that many a flower yet may bloom, many a dew-drop fall, many a bird rejoice above the monument of our sepulchre.

I love contemplation. I love Spring. And when I am called to lay me down among forgotten things, I would drop into nature's bosom when her glory was on her brow—I would close my eye amid the fragrance of the fields—I would breathe out my last breath to mingle with the sweets of the passing zephyr, and go down to the tomb with all the beautiful simplicity of nature around me. A. B. C.

For the Rural Repository.

### A Sketch.

SHE was as beautiful as the rose in summer; like the bud of Spring, her beauty gradually unfolded itself to its full perfection. The lightsome step—the cheerful voice—the smiling countenance bespoke unalloyed happiness. The young and gay crowded her father's mansion; her habitation rang with songs of rejoicing, the melody of youthful voices was there. Years rolled on and Alsander revealed to Caroline the hidden secret of his heart. From the fountain of human existence gushed forth the tenderness of their first and early love. The green cypress witnessed their youthful vows, and the reciprocation of lasting fidelity was borne upon the breeze of night. Sullen fate decreed that those ties of love should be torn assunder. \* \* \*

The bloom on her cheek hath faded—the brilliancy of her eye hath fled—the buoyancy of her spirit is broken, and despair is poisoning the fountain of her existence. ROBERTUS.

## TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From Stuart's 'Three years in North America.'

### Northampton.

THE next place of note where we stopped was Northampton, in the western part of the State of Massachusetts, and between fifty and sixty miles from Albany, and which, whether taking it alone or in conjunction with the neighboring country, is decidedly the most beautiful village that I have seen in this country. The only place at all to be compared with it is Canandaigua. The villages of New England are proverbial for their neatness and cleanness. Cooper, the well known American writer, says truly:—'New England may justly glory in her villages,—in space, freshness, and an air of neatness and of comfort, they far exceed any thing I have ever seen even in the mother country. I have passed in one day six or seven of these beautiful hamlets, for not one of which I have been able to recollect an equal in all my European traveling.' It is, in fact, hardly possible to figure a handsomer country town than Northampton, or a more charming country than in its neighbourhood; but the town is not more remarkable for neatness and cleanness, and for handsome and suitable buildings, and houses and gardens, than for beauty of situation and the delightful scenery in its

vicinity. No mere traveler who comes to this country will do justice to it, if he does not visit Northampton. If a traveler in Britain were to stumble upon such a place as this, he would not fail to inquire whose great estate was in the neighborhood, and attribute the decorations of shrubs, flowers, &c. which adorn even the smallest habitations here, to the taste of a wealthy neighbor, or to his being obliged to make them to promote electioneering views. Here, every thing is done by the people spontaneously, and if any authority is exerted, it is by officers appointed by themselves.

The population of Northampton amounts to between 3000 and 4000 and there is only one great broad street, with a few fine trees, in which are situated the churches and courthouse,—buildings decidedly ornamental, and of considerable size. But the beauty of the place, apart from the situation, arises from the great width of the street, and the light, clean appearance of the white, plain houses, with their verandas, porticos, and green Venetian blinds, enclosed with handsome white railings in large pieces of dressed garden-ground, ornamented with large old trees. Northampton consists, in truth, of a number of villages of various sizes, but very pleasing, though irregular, architects seeming to vie with each other in the taste and elegance of their external decorations. There is primitive white limestone in the neighborhood, and much of the pavement and steps are of white marble. The trees in the neighborhood of the town are single spreading trees, principally of elms and of considerable age;—the roads are wide, and the foot-paths are excellent every where.—We were shown the old elms that shadowed the house of the celebrated President Edwards. At the hotel where we lodged, kept by Mr. Warner, the dinner set down to us alone was as good and as well dressed as at any London hotel. A very handsome female waiter attended us and took her seat by us, very much as our equal.

Northampton is surrounded by rising grounds, on one of which is placed a flourishing academy, from which there is one of the best views of the town; but Mount Holyoke, situated on the opposite side of the Connecticut river and about eight hundred feet high, is the hill which all strangers ascend for the sake of the very extensive and glorious prospect from its summit. There is not much difficulty in getting to the top; and the labor is fully repaid by the splendor of the river Connecticut and its windings, and a very rich and fertile valley. This valley contains the most extensive and beautiful plain in New England, well cultivated and populous. About thirty churches all with spires, are seen from the top of Mount Holyoke, from which too, in a clear day, the hills of New Haven, on Long Island Sound, are distinctly visible.

The whole of the villages from Northampton to Worcester, are handsomely laid out and comfortable places, and every thing about them so neat and so much in order that it is delightful to see them. If we had not been in Northampton in the first place, we should have been more loud in their praise; but about Northampton, there is so much more appearance of real comfort, and of beautiful village scenery, than I have seen any where else, that it is absolutely necessary to moderate the language employed in eulogizing the other villages of New England through which we passed.

## MISCELLANY.

### A City Night-Piece.

BY GOLDSMITH.

THE clock has just struck two, the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets the hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are at rest, and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where Vanity, ever changing, but a few hours past walked before me, where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard of the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All the bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and unbounded, and, with short sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some: the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and as he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

'Here' he cries, 'stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruins.'

'They are fallen—for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on amusing and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first

repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.'

How few appear in those streets which but some few hours ago were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer were their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them: society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. The poor shivering females have had once happier days and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse but will not relieve them.

Why, was I born a man, and yet see the sufferings of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! the world will give you reproaches but will not give you relief; the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, is aggravated with all the power of eloquence, and held up to engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. The poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordinate species of tyranny, and every law which gives others security becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so much sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse? Tenderness, without a capacity of relieving only makes the man who feels it more wretched than the object which sues for assistance.

### Cause and Effect.

Is the complicated and marvelous machinery of circumstance, it is absolutely impossible to decide what would have happened, as to some event, if the slightest disturbance had taken place, in the march of those that preceded them. We may observe a little dirty wheel of brass, spinning around upon its greasy axle, and the result is that in another apartment, not many yards distant from it, a beautiful piece of silk issues from a loom, rivaling in its hues the tints of the rainbow; there are myriads of events in our lives, the distance between which was much greater than that between this wheel and the ribbon, but where the connexion has been much more close. If a private country gentleman in Cheshire, about the year seventeen hundred and thirty, had not

been overturned in his carriage, it is extremely probable that America, instead of being a free republic at this moment, would have continued a dependent colony of England. This country gentleman happened to be Augustus Washington, Esquire, who was thus accidentally thrown into the company of a lady who afterwards became his wife, who emigrated with him to America, and in the year seventeen hundred and thirty two, at Virginia became the envied mother of George Washington the great.

### Evening.

THEIR are two periods in the life of man, in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in youth, and old age. In youth, we love it for its mellow moonlight, its million of stars, its then rich and soothing shades, its still serenity: amid these we can commune with our loves, or twine the wreaths of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens and the spirits that hold their endless sabbath there—or look into the bosom of creation, spread abroad like a canopy above us, and look and listen until we can almost see and hear the waving wings and melting songs of other worlds. To youth, evening is delightful—it accords with the flow of his light spirits, the fever of his fancy, and the softness of his heart. Evening is, also the delight of virtuous age; it affords hours of undisturbed contemplation; it seems an emblem of the calm and tranquil close of busy life—serene, placid, and mild, with the impress of its great Creator stamped upon it; it spreads its quiet wings over the grave, and seems to promise that all shall be peace beyond it.

### The Orphan Boy.

How interesting he appears to every feeling mind! A child robbed of his mother, excites universal commiseration, and affection from every bosom. We look forward with anxiety to every future period of his life; and our prayers and our hopes attend every step of his journey. We mingle our tears with his, on the grave of her, whose maternal heart has ceased to beat; for we feel that he is bereaved of the friend and guide of his youth! His father would, but cannot, supply her loss. In vain the whole circle of his friendships blend their efforts to alleviate his sorrows, and to fill the place occupied by departed worth: a mother must be missed every moment, by a child who has ever known and rightly valued one, when she sleeps in the grave. No hand feels so soft as her's—no voice sounds so sweet—no smile is so pleasant! Never shall he find again, in this wild wilderness, such sympathy, such fondness, such fidelity, such tenderness, as he experienced from his mother! The whole world are moved with compassion for that motherless child, but the whole world cannot supply her place to him!



**Sayings for Farmers.**

BY DR. FRANKLIN.

He that lives upon hope will die fasting—  
industry need not wish.

There are no gains without pains.

At the working man's house hunger looks  
in but never enters.

Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you  
shall have corn to sell or keep.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

Handle your tools without mittens—a cat  
in gloves catches no mice.

He that by the plough would thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

The eye of the master will do more work  
than both his hands. Not to oversee work-  
men is to leave them your purse open.

A fat kitchen makes a lean will.

If you would be rich, think of saving as well  
as getting.

What maintains one vice would train up two  
children.

Beware of *little* expenses, a small leak will  
sink a great ship.

If you would know the value of money, go  
and try to borrow some—for he that goes  
borrowing goes sorrowing.

Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a  
great deal more saucy.

Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with  
poverty, and supped with infamy.

Lying rides on debt's back.

It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

If you do not hear reason she will surely rap  
your knuckles.

A ploughman on on his legs is higher than  
a gentleman on his knees.

**Anecdote of the late Lord Orford.**

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or  
so much property, on practical or speculative  
sporting, as the late Earl of Orford. Among  
his experiments of fancy, was a determination  
to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton,  
instead of horses, and these he had reduced  
to perfect discipline for his excursions and  
short journeys upon the road; but, unfortu-  
nately, as he was one day driving to New-  
market, their ears were saluted with the cry  
of a pack of hounds, which, soon after cross-  
ing the road in the rear, caught scent of the  
'four in hand,' and commenced a new kind  
of chase, with 'breast-high' alacrity. The  
novelty of this scene was rich beyond descrip-  
tion: in vain did his lordship exert all his  
charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained  
grooms energetically endeavor to ride before  
them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the  
carriage, were of no effect, for they went with  
the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern  
Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibra-  
tions of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of  
his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship  
had been accustomed to drive this set of

'fiery-eyed steeds' to the Ram Inn, at New-  
market, which was most happily at hand, and  
to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and  
ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into  
the yard they bounded, to the dismay of  
ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have  
lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here  
they were luckily overpowered, and the stags,  
the phaeton, and his lordship, were all instan-  
taneously huddled together in a barn, just as  
the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

A BEGGAR some time ago applied for alms at  
the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging  
Society. After in vain detailing his manifold  
sorrows, the inexorable gentleman perempto-  
rily dismissed him. 'Go away,' said he, 'go,  
we canna gie ye naething.' 'You might at  
least,' replied the mendicant, with an air of  
arch dignity, 'have refused me grammatically.'

A HAPPY RETORT.—The obscurity of Lord  
Tenterden's birth is well known; but he had  
too much good sense to feel any false shame  
on that account. We have heard it related of  
him, that when, in an early period of his pro-  
fessional career, a brother barrister, with whom  
he happened to have a quarrel, had the bad  
taste to twit him of his origin, his manly and  
severe answer was, 'Yes, Sir, I am the son of  
a barber; if you had been the son of a barber,  
you would have been a barber yourself.'

**The Rural Repository.**

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1833.

POSTAGE.—Our complaints, in regard to the  
Postage of Letters addressed to us, have been few;  
but as we find the evil is increasing on us beyond  
our ability to bear, we consider the commence-  
ment of a new volume a proper time to remind  
our friends that all letters, hereafter addressed to  
us, must be *post paid* to receive attention. They  
will see the necessity of this regulation when  
they consider that with our limited subscription  
a neglect of paying postage on one half or even  
one fourth, of the letters we are daily receiving  
subjects us to a heavy tax, while, were it divided  
among the individuals themselves, it would be  
but trifling. We are often called upon to pay  
25 cents postage for a letter coming from a  
distance, when—lo! and behold!—it contains  
merely an order for one volume of our paper,  
and provided the numbers are regularly sent,  
according to order, we may have the pleasure of  
paying 50 cents more, sometime in the course of  
the year, for another letter, containing the  
amount of subscription, making in the whole  
75 cents postage to obtain the paltry sum of *one*  
*dollar*—From such patronage 'good Lord deliver  
us'—Again, our friends should know that letters  
enclosing bills, are subject to double, or treble  
postage, according to the number enclosed. We  
receive many letters that are marked paid, that  
is *single* postage has been paid on them when

mailed; but on their arriving at the post office in  
this city and being found to be double, or treble,  
we have the same amount, or *twice* or *thrice* the  
amount, to *pay over again*. When the remittance  
is large, the per cent, to be deducted from it thus,  
for postage is trifling, and we do not complain;  
but when it is small, as in most cases, we must  
in justice to ourselves deduct the amount we pay  
for postage, giving credit only for the remainder.

**Letters Containing Remittances.**

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last.

N. Clark, Milton, N. Y. \$1; H. Sumner, P. M. Stock-  
bridge, Ms. \$2; T. F. King, Portsmouth, N. H. \$1; L.  
Knight, Esperance, N. Y. \$1; Sherrill & Reed, Salisbury  
Center, N. Y. \$1; G. Young, Eatonville, N. Y. \$1; E. C.  
Baker, Lyne, N. H. \$1; H. Grandy, Glenn's Falls, N. Y.  
\$4; F. E. Williams, Ashfield, Ms. \$1; J. Jackson P. M.  
Mann's Ville, N. Y. \$1; G. Page, Honesdale, Penn. \$1; E.  
Chase, Allen's Hill, N. Y. \$2; L. Bunker, Rochester, N.  
Y. \$5; A. F. Miller, Gallatin, N. Y. \$1; J. M. Wheeler,  
P. M. Greenfield Center, N. Y. \$2; T. P. Wood, Gardner,  
Ms. \$1; A. S. Cobb, Woodbourne, N. Y. \$1; C. N. Allen,  
Sturbridge, Ms. \$1; S. Hunt, Chatham 4 Corners N. Y.  
\$2; B. Cook, Fitchburg, Ms. \$5; A. Beeman, Addison,  
N. Y. \$1; J. C. Hooker, Sandusky, N. Y. \$1; C. J. Johnson,  
P. M. Champion South Road \$2; S. Andres, Chamblay, L.  
C. \$1; M. G. Clapp, Watertown, N. Y. \$1; A. W. Allen,  
Bern, N. Y. \$1; E. Beckley, Canaan, Ct. \$1; E. Stanton,  
Russia, N. Y. \$1; D. D. T. Clearhall, Trenton Falls, N. Y.  
\$1; H. Stewart, Burdett, N. Y. \$0.62; A. H. Curtis,  
Howard, N. Y. \$2; B. G. Kenerson, South Eaton, N. Y.  
\$0.90; W. Adam, Canaan, Ct. \$1; H. Bailey, & Mr. Sch-  
kirk, Albany, N. Y. \$2; C. Heinstreet, Lansingburgh, N.  
Y. \$6; D. R. Shayer, Bainbridge, N. Y. \$0.87; T. C.  
Caldwell, Fitchburg, Ms. \$1; J. E. Stearns, Castleton, N.  
Y. \$2; H. Loop, Great Barrington, Ms. \$5; J. B. Davis,  
Caseville, N. Y. \$3.94; W. Lord, jr. Saratoga Springs, N.  
Y. \$0.90.

**SUMMARY.**

The Saratoga Sentinel states that the number of pas-  
sengers over the Saratoga and Schenectady rail road,  
during the month of April, was 1240, being more than four  
times the travel between the two places than during any  
former month so early in the season.

An extraordinary entry was recently made at the Lon-  
don Custom House—*forty-one* chests of *hullion* from China.

The St. Johns (New Brunswick) Observer announces  
the death of Mr. Paul, who was wounded at the battle of  
Lexington, and fired the first gun on the British side on  
that memorable day.

The Postmaster General has instructed that each mail  
carrier may carry single papers to persons on the route not  
in the immediate vicinity of a post office.

The cause of temperance has received an additional  
convert. The Tontine Coffee House, New-York, on the  
1st inst. promulgated, by advertisement, its abhorrence of  
the sale of ardent spirits, and its intention thenceforth to  
discontinue it.

The foundation ground of the Girard College for Or-  
phans, was opened on Monday the 3d inst. It is expected  
that the corner stone will be laid at no remote period.

**MARRIED.**

In this city, on the 6th inst., at Christ's Church, by the  
Rev. Mr. Andrews, Jacob A. Howard, merchant of New-  
York, to Miss Jane A. Norman, of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Thomas Sawyer,  
the Rev. William Whittaker, to Miss Jane E. Miller,  
daughter of the late Cornelius Miller, Esq. both of this city.

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr.  
William Carpenter, to Miss Mary Hallenbeck, daughter of  
William Hallenbeck, Esq. both of this city.

**DIED.**

In this city, on the 17th inst. James Decker, aged 16  
years.

On the 18th inst. Catharine Elton, daughter of E. V. V.  
Elton, aged 15 days.

At Kinderhook, on the 4th inst. Mr. Barton Flegler, in the  
68th year of his age.

At Coeymans, Levi Brailsdell, Esq. aged 76 years, a  
patriot of the Revolution.

At New-York, on the 1st inst. the Hon. Oliver Wolcott,  
aged 74 years.

At Troy, on the 1st inst. Eliza M. wife of A. Van Pelt, jr.  
and daughter of Stephen Andres, at her father's residence,  
aged 32 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 10th inst. Maj. William Jordan, in  
the 82d year of his age, a Patriot of the Revolution.

On the 31st ult. on her passage from Mobile, where she  
had been for the benefit of her health, Mrs. Mary Center,  
wife of Robert Center, Esq. of New-York.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

## Lines written on the Death of a Young Friend.

He has passed away from life and earth,  
From the festival of youthful mirth;  
In the ardent pride of ripening worth,  
He has gone from the view of mortal eyes,  
Like a passing cloud in the summer skies.

He has passed, and he shall never come  
From the desolate and lonely tomb,  
To the waving fields and the gardens bloom,  
To the arms of her who gave him birth,  
To his sister's smile, to his cheerful hearth.

He has passed away from the eager race  
For the pinnacle of power and place,  
For the trumpet and laurel of human praise—  
That trumpet can never awake the dead,  
That laurel shall never surround his head.

He has passed away, he has passed away;  
Like the dew-drop in the early day,  
That the sun exhales in his own bright ray,  
So his spirit has gone in its morning time,  
To God, the Sun of a purer clime. Y.  
New Marlborough, June, 1833.

For the Rural Repository.

## The Summer Wind.

Oh! how I love to see the soft wind play  
On the broad green field, or the sloping hill,  
With freshness and life around its way—  
Cool as the dash of a mountain rill;  
Starting into life the sultry day—  
Oh!—how I love the soft wind's play.

Upon yonder hill—yon sideling hill—  
Spreads a patch of grain in the breast of a wood,  
And around its edge, rising dark and still,  
The pines stand about in their solitude;—  
'Twas a beautiful field, green and gay,  
When the wind arose for a summer play.

And shade followed shade like the swells of the sea,  
And light followed light like the billows foam,  
Chasing each other on swiftly and free  
Till broke where the shade of the pine was  
thrown;  
Give me the wind and sunny ray  
In such a spot on a summer day.

The bright green leaves in the shady grove  
Quiver and shake as they feel thy breath,  
And a freshening song of holy love  
Wanders around the cooling depth;—  
High above, beats the scorching ray,  
In the leaves below thou art at play. X.

From the Boston Lyceum.

## The Father's Choice.

Is the year 1697, a body of Indians attacked the town of Haverhill, Mass. and killed and carried into captivity 40 inhabitants. A party of the Indians approached the house of an individual, who was abroad at his labor, but who on their approach hastened to the house, sent his children out, and ordered them to fly in a course opposite to that in which danger was approaching. He then mounted his horse, and determined to snatch up the child with which he was most unwilling to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about 200 yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him: and when at a short distance, fired on him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated alternately; still however, keeping a resolute face to the enemy, and so effectually sheltered his charge, that he finally lodged them all safe in a distant house.

Now fly, as flies the rushing wind—  
Urge, urge thy lagging steed!  
The savage yell is fierce behind,  
And life is on thy speed.

Quick from those dear ones make thy choice—  
The group he wildly eyed,  
When 'father!' burst from every voice,  
And 'child!' his heart replied.

There's one that now can share his toil,  
And one he meant for fame,  
And one that wears her mother's smile,  
And one that bears her name.

And one will prattle on his knee,  
Or slumber on his breast,  
And one whose joys of infancy,  
Are still by smiles expressed.

They feel no fear while he is near;  
He'll shield them from the foe;  
But oh! his ear must thrill to hear  
Their shriekings, should he go.

In vain his quivering lips would speak,  
No words his thoughts allow;  
There's burning tears upon his cheek,  
Death's marble on his brow.

And twice he smote his clenched hand—  
Then bade his children fly!  
And turned, and e'en that savage band  
Cowered at his wrathful eye.

Swift as the lightning winged with death,  
Flashed forth the quivering flame!  
Their fiercest warrior bows beneath  
The father's deadly aim.

Not the wild cries that rend the skies,  
His heart or purpose move;  
He saves his children or he dies  
The sacrifice of love.

Ambition goads the conqueror on,  
Hate points the murderer's brand—  
But love and duty, these alone,  
Can nerve the good man's hand.

The hero may resign the field,  
The coward murderer flee;  
He cannot fear, he will not yield,  
That strikes, sweet love, for thee.

They come they come—he heeds no cry,  
Save the soft child-like wail;  
'O father save!' 'My children fly!'  
Were mingled on the gale.

And firmer still he drew his breath,  
And sterner flashed his eye,  
As fast he hurls the leaden death,  
Still shouting, 'children fly!'

No shadow on his brow appeared,  
Nor tremor shook his frame,  
Save when at intervals he heard  
Some trembler lip his name.

In vain the foe, those fiends unchained,  
Like famished tigers chafe,  
The sheltering roof is neared, is gained,  
All, all the dear ones safe!

## Answers to Enigmas.

1. Because he has 24 to acquire, a quire.
2. Because its borders are infringed.

## AGENTS

## For the Rural Repository.

## New-York.

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